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The Olympic Games.

BY J. E. PARADIS, '90.

Herodotus speaks of a peculiar community of religious sentiments, legends, sacrifices and festivals as the third bond of union among the Greeks, following in order those of blood and language. In his time, and even a century earlier, the closest association prevailed between the feelings of common worship and the sympathy in common amusement. This association, which gave rise to the great Olympic Games, and others of the kind, we must keep fully before us if we wish to understand the life and proceedings of the Greeks. To every student of Greek history these great festivals must be of overwhelming importance and interest.

The four most conspicuous amidst many others analogous, were the Olmypic, Pythian, Nemean and Isthmian Games. The first, of which I desire to treat were by far the oldest and the greatest, being common to the whole Hellenic body, while the others were partial and confined to the neighborhood.

The celebration of the Olympic Games in honor of Zeus, father of the gods, recurred every fifth year, and was the most splendid national festival of the Greeks. The Plain of Olympia itself, now ennobled only by immortal recollections, but once containing the choicest treasures of Grecian art, was the national sanctuary, and for many centuries the brightest centre of attraction known in the ancient world. It was situated on the River Alpheius, in the territory called the Pisatid near the borders of Arcadia, and was the most beautiful valley in Peloponnesus. The sacred grove of Olympia, or the "Altis," con-

sisted of a level space about 4,000 feet long by 2,000 feet broad, enclosing the spot appropriated to the games and the sanctuaries connected with them. The "Pompic Way" crossed the Altis from east to west, and was the road followed by all the processions. Of the great buildings of Olympia, the "Olympeium," dedicated to Olympian Zeus, and the completion of which required more than a century, was the most celebrated; it contained a colossal statue of the god, the masterpiece of Phidias. Much could be said of this beautiful valley, but I must pass on to the Olympic Games themselves.

Of the beginnings of these great solemnities we can speak only in mythical language: their origin goes back to pre-historic ages, but we know them only in their comparative maturity. The Elian priests, to whom was given the great honor of presiding over the Games, ascribed their origin to the Idean Herakles, father of Zeus, whilst others to the later Herakles, son of Jupiter and Alkmene. According to the old myth, which Pindar has ennobled in a magnificent ode, Herakles, on the occasion of the conquest of Elis, consecrated the ground of Olympia, and instituted these Games. Nothing but many such fables is left to us respecting their origin. Iphitos, however, King of Elis, is usually regarded as their founder. Tradition speaks of their historical revival by Iphitos and Lykurgus, the Spartan lawgiver, in 884 B. C. It is certain that they did not institute, but only revived them.

For many years only the Peloponnesians resorted to the Olympic Games, but gradually they became a festival for all Greece. And although for a long time no one but those of Hellenic blood could compete in the various contests this valued privilege was given to foreigners after the conquest of Greece by the Romans; Nero

and Tiberius appear in the list of victors, together with other Roman emperors. The celebration occurred at the first full moon after the summer solstice, and lasted from the 11th to the 15th of the Attic month, during which all hostilities ceased throughout Greece, and the territory of Elis was inviolable. Heralds were sent previously to proclaim the truce to the country. For no less than ten months before the contests the Elis gymnasium was frequented by multitudes of people to witness the preparation of the combatants. No official records of the proceedings in the festival are preserved, but the following order is commonly thought to have been followed: On the first day the great initiatory sacrifices were offered, and the competitors classed and arranged by the Elean judges; on this day also the contests opened by that of the trumpeters. On the second day came the boys' foot-races, wrestling, boxing, the pentathlon, pankration, horse-races, etc. The third day, the principal day of the celebration, was given to the men's foot-races, wrestling, boxing, race of hoplites, men in heavy armor and the pankration, in which all the power and skill of the combatants were exhibited. On the fourth day took place the pentathlon contests in leaping, running, throwing the discus, throwing the spear, chariot horse-races and the contests of the heralds. The fifth and last day was consecrated to processions and sacrifices; banquets were also given to the victors or "Olympionikoi," who were crowned with garlands of wild olive twigs cut from the sacred tree of the Altis. They were introduced to the assembled crowd, each bearing a palm in his hand, while heralds proclaimed their names and that of their fathers and countries. They were received at home with great honors: songs and praises were addressed to them, statues were erected to them in the Altis and in their native cities, places of honor were reserved for them in all public spectacles, and they were generally exempt from public taxation.

Every reader of history is soon made acquainted with the great importance of the Olympic Games and their wonderful influence on the national character. Of the first we are thoroughly convinced when we consider what an immensely prized privilege it was to preside over them. The presidency was at once dignified and lucrative, and on several occasions blood was shed to determine what state should enjoy it. The Eleans always controlled the Games after the Pisatid became annexed to the territory of Elis; the services to the gods, as well as the administration of the festival was conceived

as attaching to the soil. And when, to celebrate the eighth Olympiad, they were forcibly dispossessed of their right by Pheidon of Argos in conjunction with the Pisatans, they refused to include this Olympiad in their register of victorious runners. This attempt of the despot to restore to the Pisatans, or acquire for himself the administration of this festival, proves the importance of the celebration in Peloponnesus so early as 740 B. C. And that its importance gradually augmented we have a proof in the increased number and variety of matches exhibited to the spectators, and in the substitution of the crown of olive, an honorary reward, instead of the more substantial prize which was first given to the victor.

We may have an idea of the noble influence of these Games when we consider that it had become an object of ambition to every Greek to figure at the festival with the richest display of horses and chariots, to contend not for money, but only for the sake of honor. This fact brings to view a characteristic of Hellenic life which contrasts not only with the manners of the contemporary Orientals, but even with those of the earlier Greeks.

The noblest function, however, of this, the holiest and most frequented ceremony of the Hellenic world, was to unite all in a common religious feeling, and spread friendship and fraternity among cities not politically united. We must recollect here that there existed a complete political disunion among the most cherished principles of the Greeks; the only source of supreme authority to which they felt respect and attachment was to be found within the walls of their own respective cities. The relation between two cities was not that which commonly subsists between the various members of the same political aggregate, but it was an international, or what we might more appropriately call an "interpolitical" relation. We may now safely assume that the general Hellenic sentiment and character, the temporary union to be found among them when actuated by resistance to a common enemy, was at least powerfully stimulated by those majestic assemblies wherein all joined together to offer sacrifices to the gods, and celebrate in common the great national Games.

Thus the Olympic festival had acquired an attractive force capable of bringing together in temporary union all the dispersed fragments of Hellas. On many occasions it was their important function to unite in religious fraternity those who had long been separated by internal contentions and struggles. What cannot fail to

attract our admiration is the deep religious feeling which attended those ceremonies. We have seen that during the month of their occurrence heralds were sent to all parts of Greece to proclaim the cessation of hostilities. Elis imposed heavy fines on other towns—even the powerful Lacedæmon—for violation of the Olympic truce. This strong force of religious sentiment had formed such an inherent attribute of the Greek character that even at the Thermopylæ, when the whole freedom and existence of the country was at stake, the Greeks refused to postpone such venerated solemnities, and sent only an advanced guard instead of their full force. This persistence in remaining at home to celebrate their festivities, while an invader of superhuman force was at their gates, reminds us of the Jews, who while they were besieged suffered the operations of the Romans round their city to go on uninterrupted during the Sabbath.

Whatever may be said of the great Olympic Games, we cannot but sincerely admire among pagans, institutions which combined religious solemnities with recreative effusion and hearty sympathies in a manner so imposing and unparalleled.

Reminiscences.

"I must have had lovers?" Yes, a score,
I may say it now without conceit,
Many a gallant true and brave
Has laid his heart at my feet;—
Little one with the rose-red lips,
Mine were once as sweet.

One, and he was the very first,
His grave is far in the boundless West,
Sent me, dying, the ghost of a flower
He had carried for years in his breast,
Haunting his heart with the ghost of a dream
Worn, like a scar, on his breast.

Not all so faithful as he of the rose;
But I met a white-haired man last night
Who many a time in the olden days
Has called me "Heart's Delight!"
Little one with the shining eyes,
Mine were once as bright.

And one, he was never a lover,—no;
But I thought of him with the rest,
He lived to scorn for a fair, false thing,
The woman he took to his breast,
He is dead this many a day,—
Sometimes death is best.

Slowly, softly, rose-red lips!

"And yet your heart went free?"

No, no—there's naught like a woman's will,
O'er land or under sea,
And the only man I ever loved,
Was the one who never loved me.

M. E. M.

Infusoria.

BY W. I. MORRISON, '90.

It is a peculiar fact that the life we see around us, from the largest mammal to the smallest invertebrate, forms hardly a fraction of the immense animal kingdom. The ancients, and I may say with equal certainty, the moderns, until within the last two or three centuries, have known none of the marvels of creation. A mouse was small in the eyes of the Greeks or Romans, an insect was unnoticed, and an animalcula,—but stop—they had conceived not even of their existence.

Artistotle, the father of the natural sciences, knew—what?—the vertebrates, a few, very few, invertebrates, and—what else?—nothing, absolutely. What would that philosopher have said had some anticipating heathen foretold to him that before many centuries should betake themselves into the boundless sea of eternity man would see a world of life in a single drop of water; or that the number of beings living, eating, in a word, performing all the functions of life, in a cup of water, would far exceed the whole of the human race? We will not speculate; no doubt the prophet's fate had been something horrible in the hands of a furious and superstitious people.

It was not until the latter part of the seventeenth century that the great scientist Leuwenhoek first observed the Infusoria, and what small knowledge he then obtained was of necessity very elementary.

Baker and Trembley, two bright lights in the scientific world, were the next whose attention was attracted by these animalculæ; but it was reserved for Hill, in 1752, to make the first attempt at a systematic classification. Some years later Uresberg gave them the name that they have since borne—Infusoria, suggested to him by the fact of their great abundance in animal and vegetable infusions.

Ehrenberg and Dujardin, after the advent of more powerful microscopes and the perfection of achromatic lens, were able to arrive at a better comprehension of the organization of these infinitesimal beings, and now naturalists have established, with great exactness, the limits of the zoölogical group to which they belong.

Scientists are divided as to the exact nature of their structure; indeed some attribute to them a very complex organization, while others uphold the theory of a simpler form: as a matter-of-fact the truth will appear to be a happy

mean. Besides the granules, the interior globules, air vesicles, vibrate cils, and the more or less complex tegumentary system, the superior Infusoria have what is known as the *Sarcodo*.

It has been impossible to observe, with any degree of certainty, the digestive apparatus in the more inferior orders of the class, comprehending the very smallest animalculæ. The existence of their mouths is a disputed subject; very probably that which has heretofore been considered a mouth being nothing more than an indenture on the surface of the body.

In the superior Infusoria, the student has less difficulty, observation being attended with fewer insurmountable obstacles: they are called *ciliate*. They are provided with small, hair-like cils which keep up a continual vibratory motion, and are intended, at the same time, as organs of propulsion, nutrition and respiration, a most remarkable example of the cumulative functions in physiology.

In a moment of inspiration, if I may use the term, Herr Gleichen, a German physiologist of a century ago, conceived the idea of coloring the water in which these small creatures exist, and waiting patiently, at length observed the minute particles of nutritive matter, now easily seen, disappear into their buccal orifices, guided, or rather whipped in, by the tireless *ciliate*. Ehrenberg, later on, availed himself of this artifice in order to study their internal structure and mode of absorbing nutritive matter.

The most surprising phenomena of all is the wonderful means employed by nature in perpetuating this class of animals: they reproduce in three different manners, *i. e.*, by *gemination* or *budding*, not unlike plants; by sexual reproduction, and by spontaneous division into two animals, known to zoölogists as fission or fissiparism.

The last method is the one to which more attention has been paid, and is, therefore, best understood. Patience in examination will reward the observer with a sight of this most singular method of perpetuation of species. The oblong body is first seen to contract about the middle, the compression becoming more and more marked. Vibratile cils may be seen appearing on the lower segment, indicating the position of a new mouth which becomes more distinct until finally the animal literally cuts itself into two parts. A fragment of glutinous substance flutters on the edge of the plate, but the two halves separate quickly, and each is a new animal, the counterpart of the first.

"By this mode of propagation," says Dujardin, "an Infusoria is the half of the one which preceded it, the

fourth of the parent of that, the eighth of its grand parent, and so on, if we can apply the terms father or mother to animals which must see in its two halves, the grandfather himself by a new division again living in his four parts. We might imagine such an Infusoria to be an aliquot part of one like it, which had lived years, and even ages before, and which, by continued subdivision into pairs, might continue to live forever by its successive development."

The extraordinary fecundity of these beings may be comprehended by this mode of generation; in fact, the process defies calculation. Observation has established the fact that inside of one month two *stylonichia* had a progeny of more than one million and forty-eight thousand individuals, and during forty-two days, a single *paramecium* produced the astounding number of one million three hundred and sixty-four thousand forms similar to itself. What a remarkable instance of the fight for the preservation of species!

The Infusoria abound everywhere, in waters both fresh and salt, cold and hot, and at a depth in the sea most surprising, deeper than the height of the loftiest mountain. These microscopic creatures are the smallest and the most numerous in creation. Remains of them have been found on the tops of mountain ranges and in the profoundest depths of the ocean, in the icebergs of the north and south, and under the withering sun at the equator. The Infusoria make the mud of the Nile as fertile as it is, and whole beds of strata, many feet in thickness, are nothing more than their remains, while the stone known as *tripoli*, so much used by metal workers, is composed entirely of solid fossil Infusoria.

In the south of France, where the salt water from certain marshes near the sea-shore is exposed to the great solar heat in order to extract the salt, when a certain temperature has been reached, the whole assumes a beautiful rose color, due to the presence of numberless infusoria which have a shell of that color.

In the River Ganges in India, Ehrenberg has found twenty-one different species, and in the waters between the Philippine and the Marianne Islands, at a depth of about twenty-two thousand feet, one hundred and sixteen species have appeared.

They may be divided into two orders, the *Ciliate Infusoria*, provided with cilia, and the *Flagelliferous Infusoria*, which have long arms or branches. By far the larger number belong to the first-named.

The *Paramecium* is the most common of the *Ciliates*; they reproduce by spontaneous division. They abound in great masses in stagnant

waters, or pure water in which are growing aquatic plants. They have oblong compressed bodies, with an oblique, longitudinal fold, directed toward the mouth, and large enough to be observed with a common lens.

The *Stenlons* bear consideration. They are mostly found in fresh, tranquil waters covered with plants. Their color is generally green, blackish or blue, are eminently contractile and variable in form. In their first state they are fixed, resemble a bell with edges reversed and are ciliate; soon, however, they become free, when they lose their cilia, are more or less an elongated cylinder, and move about by means of a new organ.

The *Vorticels* are, perhaps, the ones which mostly excite our admiration, on account of their crown of cilia, producing, as it does, a vortex, their ever-varying forms, but more than all, on account of their *pedicle*, an organ susceptible of very rapid spiral contraction, by drawing the body backward and forward.

It would probably appear somewhat facetious, on my part, to say that the greatest difficulty to solve, in studying these infinitesimal beings, is the question whether they are animals or plants. Yet such is the fact. Desmids were long ago thought to belong to the animal kingdom, but now all scientists agree in placing them among the plants. Who knows to what the diatoms belong, or what one will say, with certainty, that *Monads* are animals? Every learned person, in this day, places the Infusoria among animals; but it is just likely that in the next generation, some eminent disciple of Humboldt or Agassiz will show that they are plants.

Books We Have Read.

VI.

GEORGE ELIOT'S "SILAS MARNER."

Probably no book of fiction is read with more interest at the present day than George Eliot's "Silas Marner"; but we should not wonder at this when we consider the style of the book. The author, Mrs. Miriam Cross, better known by her assumed name of George Eliot, was born in England in 1820. She was the wife of J. W. Cross, but she achieved her great distinction as a writer when she was a Miss Evans. She has been classed among the first of the English novelists. Her other well-known productions are "Adam Bede," "The Mill on the Floss," "Romula," "Felix Holt, The Radical," and "The Spanish Gypsy," a poem. "Silas Marner," her best known work, was written in

1842. The plot is a very strong one in which the author shows rare tact. It is supposed to be written at a time when weaving was considered an important industry, and "when the spinning wheels hummed busily in the farmhouses, and when even great ladies, clothed in silk and thread lace, had their toy spinning wheels of polished oak." Raveloe in "Merry" England is the scene of the plot. The people were slightly superstitious and obscure in their religious beliefs.

The story of Silas Marner is rather long, but very interesting, and not at all complicated as is the case with early novels. Silas Marner was driven to a retired life, and earned a living by weaving. In early life he had been a religious youth; but on one occasion, while attending the bedside of the sick deacon, he was seized with a cataleptic fit, and while in this condition his most intimate friend and companion, William Dane, robbed the house, and placed a pocket knife belonging to Silas in the chest which had contained the money. Silas was accused of the crime, but could not be tried legally; nor could he be prosecuted, because this was in opposition to the rules of his sect. Another means they had for finding the truth—as they supposed at that time—was by casting lots. The lots declared that Silas was guilty. He must leave Lantern Yard, the place of his birth, and seek some strange place. To make him feel his disgrace more keenly, his affianced wife, Sarah, broke off their engagement, saying that she had no desire to marry a thief; soon afterward she married Dane. This caused Marner to become a woman-hater and completely upset his religious ideas.

After Silas Marner left Lantern Yard he came to Raveloe, which was much further southward. He lived among the stone pits for fifteen years working away at his loom. He gradually acquired much wealth, but kept it in his cottage under the floor. He became a hardened miser, and often would sit up at night counting his money. He had no communication with any one, except when providing himself with the necessities of life, or when disposing of his work. Having become weaned from the world because of hypocrisy, he had no thought save of his gold. The villagers knew him as "old Master Marner," and supposed him to be a magician of some kind because of his knowledge of herbs, inherited from his mother. The children would run from him on account of his frightful appearance.

Living in the same village was Squire Cass, the most prominent and influential citizen, who

had two sons, Dunstan and Godfrey. The former was a spiteful, jeering fellow who seemed to enjoy his drink the more when other people went dry; but the latter, who was his elder, was a fine, open-faced, good-natured young gentleman, who was engaged to Miss Nancy Lammeter, the belle of Raveloe. Nancy intimated to Godfrey that she would break off the engagement if he did not mend his ways; for he of late was being greatly influenced by Dunstan. The cause of this was that Godfrey had been led by his brother into a secret marriage that was the blight of his life. Whenever Dunstan wished for any money he would make demands on his brother with the threat of exposure on his refusal. Finally, Godfrey appropriated his father's money to pay Dunstan, and in order to make up for the deficiency he gave his favorite horse to Dunstan to sell. The latter, while riding recklessly, accidentally killed the horse, and on returning home with his riding whip in his hand walked by the house of Silas Marner who had gone out for water, leaving the door open. Dunstan robbed the house and hurried away in the darkness. His absence from home did not cause any alarm or comment, because frequently he went on a debauch and remained sometimes for a year, tramping around the country. Marner was inconsolable at his loss, and implored the officers to hunt down the robber and compel him to return at least part of his money.

After awhile excitement died out and Godfrey commenced to congratulate himself on the riddance of Dunstan, when one night during a dance at Squire Cass' house, Silas Marner rushed in with a baby in his arms. He brought the startling news that he had found a woman lying dead in the snow and had come for help. He explained that upon returning to his cottage after a few minutes' absence he had found lying on the hearth what he supposed to be his stolen money. Upon examination he saw, not his lost gold, but a sleeping child. He raised it in his arms, and after having warmed it, fed it upon some milk and bread, and was directed by its cries to the spot where its mother lay dead. Doctor Kimble, the only physician in Raveloe, was present at Squire Cass; he was summoned, and he hastened to Marner's cottage. Godfrey Cass, who had recognized the child, also went, although he had not time to change his dancing slippers. It was with considerable anxiety that he approached the place. He waited on the outside until the doctor had made an examination, and was much relieved and even rejoiced to hear that his wife was dead, for it was she. It was developed that she was a victim to the

opium habit, and while travelling to his house had been overcome with drowsiness and thought she would lie down for a few minutes. The child crawled from her arms to Silas Marner's cottage, being attracted by the light from the fireplace, which shone through the open doorway. Godfrey was now free to marry Nancy Lammeter. This he did very shortly afterwards.

With the help of good Mrs. Dolly Winthrop, Silas succeeded in raising the child whom he named Eppie. By the advice of Dolly, Eppie was baptized, and now they attended church regularly every Sunday. As the child's mind was growing into knowledge, Silas' mind was growing into memory; as her life unfolded, his soul, long stupified in a cold, narrow prison, was unfolding too, and trembling gradually into full consciousness. Eppie had grown up with Dolly Winthrop's boy Aaron, as if they were brother and sister, and now since she was a young lady this affection grew into love. Eppie had promised to be his wife on condition that they should live in the cottage with "daddy" Silas, as she had learned to call him. The villagers no longer looked upon Silas as some frightful being, but would often stop him, engage in conversation with him and admire his pretty daughter.

A short time before the marriage of Eppie to Aaron, Godfrey Cass had workmen engaged in cleaning out the pond in the stone pits near Marner's cottage. When the pond had been drained there was found in it a skeleton and a sack of gold guineas. The skeleton proved to be that of Dunstan Cass, because of the gold handle whip belonging to Godfrey and containing his name which was found beside the skeleton. Thus was the robbery of Silas Marner brought to light after twenty years had elapsed.

Godfrey was much astonished and hastened to Silas. He said he was very sorry that his brother had caused him so much trouble and worry, and to compensate him he would adopt Eppie and give her a good education. Godfrey had beforehand told his wife, to whom he had now been married nineteen years, concerning his secret marriage. Of course Mrs. Nancy Cass was much grieved; but, as she was as sensible as well as a loving wife, she began to help right his wrongs as far as possible. It was she who had resolved on the plan to adopt Eppie. So we now see the object Godfrey had in view when he made the proposition to Silas; but as Silas refused he determined to tell the truth and claim Eppie as his daughter. Marner was astonished and commenced to reproach Godfrey, but resolved to let Eppie choose. Of course she chose

to remain with Silas and marry Aaron Winthrop. Godfrey seeing his last chance to make reparation had failed, thought that the least he might do was to give them a few acres of land and cultivate it for a garden. This was an acceptable wedding present to Aaron and Eppie, who now live happily with Silas Marner in the cottage in the stone pits at Raveloe. So ends the story of Silas Marner.

The characters are all well delineated, especially those of Silas Marner and Eppie. The author describes him as "simply a pallid young man, with prominent, short-sighted, brown eyes." She shows how one little misguided act changes the whole course of his life, hardens him against the world, and makes him think of nothing but his gold. -Again being, by a strange circumstance, brought in connection with a helpless being, the one spark of affection and love within his breast was kindled into a flame. He who had thought the world contained no example of sincere friendship was now devoting his life to the happiness of a friendless waif.

I do not claim to be a very able critic, but after having carefully studied Silas Marner, I fail to see why the conversation between the villagers at the *Rainbow* was introduced into the story. It occurs just before Marner tells them that he has been robbed, but it bears no relation at all to other parts of the plot. The conversation in question is very long and is void of any especial interest.

But to return to the author's strong points which are numerous and completely offset the few weak points. She gives a strong description, and in one part of the story you can almost see the child warm its hands. I refer to the part in which the writer says:

"The little one, accustomed to be left to itself for long hours without notice from its mother, squatted down on the sack, and spread its tiny hands towards the blaze, in perfect contentment, gurgling and making many inarticulate communications to the cheerful fire, like a new-hatched gosling beginning to find itself comfortable."

One reason for the popularity of George Eliot's works is that she rarely, if ever, uses foreign phrases, but instead she uses really excellent English. Another reason is her originality. No works of any other author abound in so many expressions which show deep and original observation:

"Our consciousness rarely registers the beginning of a growth within us any more than without us: there have been many circulations of the sap before we detect the smallest sign of the bud The sense of security more frequently springs from habit than from conviction, and for this reason it often subsists after such a change in the conditions as might have been expected to suggest

alarm. . . . The rude mind with difficulty associates the ideas of power and benignity."

The story seems to close before it is finished, but I do not think that this can be called a fault. I have been unable to find out what circumstances led George Eliot to write *Silas Marner*, or what things might have been brought to influence her. Although I have read the book a number of times, I have no opinion to express upon it, but I wish only to say that it impressed me as appealing strongly to the sympathies and giving a realistic view of the sadder part of life.

G. T. WEITZEL, '92.

The Songs My Mother Sung.

"*Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ*,"

St. Mark sets the peal for an hundred chimes dear;

"*Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ*!"

Thus the low prayer of my swarth gondolier.

The purple curtains of the west
Have almost hid the sunset's fire,
Which flaming Venice-ward a crest,
Lights softly dome and cross and spire.
Deep lie the shadows in lagoons
Far as Chiowgia's sails and reeds;
The air with landward perfume swoons;
My oarsman bows and counts his beads.
Our craft rides silent on the stream;
And, floating thus, I idly dream.

And dream? Ah, fair queen of the sea,
Not all thy witchings can enthrall
And fold the wings of memory!
A thousand leagues one tone can call,
A thousand leagues one picture bring
In fadeless form and scene to me;
And though thy *Angelus* thrilling ring
Out o'er the Adriatic Sea,
I hear, through all its rythmics rung,
Those dear old songs my mother sung!
O angelus-hour to heart and soul,

O angelus-hour of peace and calm,
When o'er the farm the evening stole,
Enfolding all in summer balm!
Without, the scents of fields—the musk
Of hedge, of corn, of winnowed hay—
The subtle attars of the dusk;
And glow-worms like some milky way;
Within, as from an angel's tongue,
Those dear old songs my mother sung.

"From every stormy wind that blows;
Softly now the light of day;
Thou hidden source of calm repose;
I love to steal awhile away;
My days are gliding swiftly by;
Depths of mercy can there be;
Jesus look with pitying eye;
Rock of ages cleft for me;
Saviour, on me thy grace bestow;
Praise God from whom all blessings flow!"

"*Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ*!"

Sweet were the echoes that fell on the ear;

"*Angelus Domini nuntiavit Mariæ*!"

I worshipped betimes with my swarth gondolier

—Edgar L. Wakeman, in *Chatauquan*.

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JOSEPH E. BERRY, '91,	W. MORRISON, '90.

—The day *par excellence* in the calendar of college festivals is the one set apart for the First Communion. The great Napoleon, when asked what day he considered the happiest of his life, promptly replied: "The day I made my First Communion." And certainly it is the greatest and happiest day in the career of a Christian. For this reason the occasion is celebrated at Notre Dame with all possible solemnity.

After months of thorough preparation and a well-conducted retreat of three days, the young communicants of this year, to the number of twenty, assembled in the University parlors on the morning of the Feast of the Ascension. They were met by the President of the University, clergy of the Faculty, and sanctuary acolytes in cassocks of black, purple or cardinal red and white lace surplices. Emerging two by two from the parlors, they were joined in the grand corridor by the members of the Archconfraternity of Our Lady, in full regalia, members of the Cornet Band, and upwards of five hundred students, with banners or lighted tapers. The procession, headed by thurifer, cross and torch bearers, advanced down the College steps round the *parterre* toward the church, to the strains of a sacred march rendered by the Cornet Band, while the chime of twenty-three bells sent forth its most joyful peals, and the solemn booming of the mammoth bell sent a thrill through the hearts of all. When the procession entered the church, the grand organ, with its thousand tubes, took up the strains of the march, and sent the notes reverberating in swelling tones around the pillars, down the aisles, through transept and niche, into dome and vault, until the very atmosphere seemed impregnated with heavenly harmony. Solemn Mass was celebrated by the Rev. President of the University, assisted by Fathers Morrissey and Zubowicz as deacon and subdeacon. At the Offertory the communicants advanced to the altar and deposited in the hands of the celebrant the written form of the good resolutions they had taken to lead a life in accordance with the Gospel. The solemn moment having arrived when they were to receive the Body of their Lord for the first time, all ascended the altar steps, and in unison repeated distinctly and devoutly the words of the acts of

contrition, faith, hope, love and desire. After receiving, all returned to their places, with countenances beaming with holy joy, to give thanks for the great happiness they enjoyed.

At the close of Mass, the organ, bells, Cornet Band, and at least fifteen hundred voices, young and old, gave expression to the soul-stirring *Te Deum*. At Vespers, after an eloquent address by Rev. Father Hudson, the young communicants renewed their baptismal vows.

An American Litterateur.*

I had come with a letter of introduction to Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, Professor of *Belles-Lettres* at the University, and I lost no time in making my way to his residence. "The Lilacs," as the charming cottage is prettily named, stands on the outskirts of the town. This is not the place to express, even could I command words to do so adequately, the Celtic enthusiasm of my reception, and the refined tact with which it was insinuated, that some of it was called forth by my own personal merits. Enough to say, I found myself at home in quite a short time, and could study at my leisure the most cultivated representative of Catholic literature in America. In appearance, Maurice Egan—out of respect for form, I generally addressed him as Professor, but I shall drop it here, as to our readers it would only serve to conceal the many-sided, sensitive, open-hearted nature of the poet and novelist—Maurice Egan, I was saying, is a true type of the *littérateur*, a shade below the average height, with the delicate physique which usually accompanies a highly-strung nervous temperament, the fine rounded forehead which bespeaks the poet, and tremulous, mobile lips that show now and then as he talks, under his trimly kept mustaches. He spoke, too, with a delicious sense of freedom, and an unaffected frankness, which I found very charming, of books, of our common friends, of the Catholic prospects in the States, of anything and everything, always with wit and intelligence, and the smile of a good-natured cynicism in his restless blue eyes.

Maurice Egan has done much and sacrificed much for the cause of Catholic literature. He has proved in his own person that the highest culture and the subtlest refinement are not antagonistic to, but, on the contrary, aided by a firm adhesion to and a conscientious practice of the principles of the Catholic faith. And for this Catholics have reason to be grateful to as well as proud of him. We often hear the charge made that Catholics are intolerant and narrow-minded in their appreciation of modes of thought and forms of literature dissimilar to their own. The charge has here at least no justification. I am not to be understood as counselling any indiscriminate acceptance of

* From an article in the Dublin *Lycium* for May.

all the theories floating about in these modern days, but it is stagnation and death not to be able to analyse and isolate their merits, and thus take advantage of error. The world is progressive, and out of its evil cometh a good which suits the time, so that we must be up and doing to profit by the works of our enemies as well as by our own. This is what makes Maurice F. Egan's position at once so distinguished and so commanding. He has brought to the study of literature a refined and cultured critical instinct, a taste at once broad and unerring, and joined to these the intense conviction that nothing in art or literature is great except in so far as it is in accordance with truth. As he beautifully expresses it himself in a sonnet on "Fra Angelico":

"Art is true art when art to God is true,
And only then; to copy Nature's work
Without the chains that run the whole world
through,
Gives us the eye without the lights that lurk
In its clear depths: no soul, no truth is there."

This spirit permeates all our author's work. Some critics insinuate that it limits and weakens it, but I cannot share that opinion. I believe, on the contrary, that the work owes two of its highest characteristics—namely, sincerity, and strength, to the presence of this undercurrent of strong feeling. Although he has only published one thin volume of poetry, "Preludes," Maurice Egan is, to my thinking, primarily a poet. His delicate and refined criticism, and his stories, full of a true and ennobling realism as they are, do not, it seems to me, impress the reader with such a sense of inevitableness as his poems. Moreover, the careful reader can see that if they are only "Preludes" in name—if no fuller music has succeeded these spring-time lyrics—it is not from any lack of power and inspiration on the author's part. The writer of the following sonnet, with its superb sestet, has surely been largely gifted with the divine instincts of the poet:

"MAURICE DE GUÉRIN.

"The old wine filled him, and he saw with eyes
Anoint of Nature's fauns and dryads fair,
Unseen by others; to him maiden-hair,
And waxen lilies and those birds that rise
A-sudden from tall reeds at slight surprise,
Brought charmed thoughts; and in earth every-
where
He, like sad Jacques, found unheard music rare,
As that of Syrinx to old Grecians wise.

"A pagan heart, a Christian soul had he,
He followed Christ, yet for dead Pan he sighed,
Till earth and heaven met within his breast;
As if Theocritus in Sicily
Had come upon the Figure crucified,
And lost his gods in deep, Christ-given rest."

The three last lines are almost worthy to compare, for intense artistic feeling and that elusive quality which accompanies the touch of genius, with the matchless ending of Keats' sonnet, "On looking into Chapman's Homer." And the book is full of such work. Take the lyric entitled "Faded Leaves," and notice the deli-

cate perception and expression of the undercurrent of pathos which is never far removed in life from youth and beauty:

"He heard a maiden singing in a wood,
He saw the wild vines kiss her as she stood
With face upturned to note their wavy grace.

"There was no note of sadness in her song,
And yet his thoughts were saddened, as along
The woodland path she went, 'mid tender leaves.

"'To-day's a dream, to-morrow's real,' he said;
'For life's a dream, the awakened ones are dead;
She sings a lullaby for all her race.'

"And death is real, for life is but to-day;
To-morrow's death, to-day will pass away,
And hold, for green and sunlit faded leaves."

Poetry of this kind deserves to be better known. It would serve as an antidote to much of the morbid verse—of the Rossetti and Swinburne school—which is so fashionable just now. With these poets love is a kind of "feverish famine in the veins"—an earthly goddess bringing desolation in her footprints. Compare this conception with the Christian ideal so well worded in the following lines:

"If we love God, we know what loving is:
For love is God's: He sent it to the earth,
Half human, half divine, all glorious—
Half human, half divine, but wholly His;
Not loving God, we know not true love's worth,
We taste not the great gifts He gave to us."

"This exquisite and rare talent," says a critic of Mr. Egan's work in the *Magazine of Poetry*, "has been recognized by Longfellow, Cardinal Newman, Stedman, Gilder, and a host of critics both here and in England, and yet he publishes about on an average one sonnet a year!" But if he so rarely visits the realms of song it is not, as I have intimated, from any failing or power, but from a conscientious belief that his wide influence is used to more advantage in other and more prosaic fields. From the drudgery indispensable to an editor's and professor's life, Dr. Egan can spare but little time to cultivate his rare and charming gifts of song.

In his "Talks About New Books," which were the standing attraction of the *Catholic World* for some years, our author displays a critical faculty of a very high order indeed; and I could wish for no better guide to recent light literature to put into the hands of those girls who devote so much time to the reading of fiction than "Modern Novels and Novelists," which has already reached a second edition in the United States. While it is written from a Catholic standpoint, it has nothing of the narrowness which often accompanies criticism of the kind. The following keen appreciation of Meredith illustrates what I mean:

"Mr. George Meredith is not a realist. He does not take crude material simply because it is at hand, and make use of it on the theory that one thing is as good as another to write about. He may be said to belong to the psychological school of fiction. He has the keenness of Mr. James or Mr. Howell, but he does not waste his powers of analysis on petty sensations. His English is Saxon and solid, with waving lights of Celtic wit playing over it. Mr. Meredith's novels are *caviare* to the general, because his

strength lies in his style rather than in his fable. The people he describes are of the class in which Mr. Anthony Trollope delighted, but they have thoughts and aspirations beyond any Mr. Trollope ever credited them with. It must be admitted that, clever and keen as Mr. Meredith is, his people interest us less than his manner of telling about them. He is a scholar and possessed of a style which flashes with as many jewel-like points as an essay of Montaigne's."

And so on. "Modern Novels and Novelists" is brimful of such passages. Even more mature and sustained are the essays on "Lectures on English Literature." They include papers on Tennyson, Chaucer, the dramas of Aubrey de Vere, Literature as a factor in Life, the real meaning of *Æsthetics*, and others. The style is light and pleasant, and many of the essays are models of good criticism. Another volume is just now going through the press, and is sure of a very favorable reception.

Dr. Egan has never, it seems to me, done himself justice in fiction. There is too much effort to get out the story (and occasionally the moral) at all risks without a corresponding attention to the manner of telling it. I have hopes that with increased leisure from less congenial labors he will produce a work of fiction alike worthy of his reputation and of American Catholic literature. As I write he is criticising some trifles of my own, and I look up as he speaks and think how little, after all, of his charming personality he has expressed in his writings.

A Traveller's Musings.

IV.

Interspersed with the musical program of the first night were reception speeches by the wooden-legged but silver-tongued and level-headed governor of the State, Francis T. Nicholls, and the mayor of the city, the Hon. Jos. A. Shakspeare, the presentation of a national union banner, the decoration of the various flags and banners of the Saengerbund societies by groups of young ladies of the city. Chorus selections and solos were splendidly rendered from the old masters such as Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Handel, Von Weber, Flotow, as well as from modern or contemporaneous composers as Wagner, Liszt, Mohr, Bach, Max Bruch, Brahms, Schumann and Gounod.

Tens of thousands had come from all sections of the Union to this musical festival—this *feis ceol*, as the Celts call it—and they were not disappointed, if we may judge from the enthusiasm and hearty applause which the mass-choral, choral, orchestral, and solo performances repeatedly evoked, or from such warm exclamations as *grossartig! ausgezeichnet! wunderschön!*

There were 64 bands or musical societies present besides the Orphéon Français, the great French Choral club of New Orleans. The mass choruses were ably conducted by J. Hanno Deiler, Professor of the German language and literature at the Tulane University, N. O. Christoph Zach, of Milwaukee, one of the best musi-

cians and composers in the States, led the orchestra in a very skilful manner. The instrumentation was too weak for the mass chorus, as well as for so large a hall densely packed and defective in acoustic properties. The solos by the lady artists were in splendid method, enunciation and inflection. The male bass, baritone and tenor soloists, with the exception of a little huskiness and faltering, showed great power in their upper and lower registers. The grandeur of so many voices blended in harmonious measure, rising, swelling and falling according to the spirit of the theme, seemed an echo of that full tide of celestial harmony which ever flows from the full choir of the blessed and the harps of the seraphim.

It is forty-one years since the North American Singers' Union was established. It has grown every year by the addition of new local societies until it numbers to-day several thousand singers. This harmonious song of male voices owes its origin to the old Church choirs. It was secularized by Michael Hayden, brother of the pious and talented Joseph Hayden and organist of the Salzburg cathedral. In 1788 he published the first "male quartettes with accompaniment." In the beginning of the present century, local singing associations of four-voiced male choirs were formed, which by their patriotic and legendary songs helped to preserve the memory of the greatness of Fatherland. In 1845, the first national song festival was held in Germany; and in 1862 the great German Saengerbund was established at Coburg.

If for no other reason than that of the cultivation of the higher order of song and music among us, we owe a deep debt of gratitude to the German people. We need the noble power of song to raise us above the dust and turmoil of this material, common-place world to higher and more ethereal regions of feeling, thought and sentiment. A certain poet well remarked: "Let me make the songs of the nation, and I care not who makes its laws." Music is the universal language of the affections. In its earthly and crude form it is but an imperfect reflex or feeble echo of the mysterious harmony which moves the spheres and fills the mansions of the blessed.

"There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins."

Well does Dryden write of old Timotheus and the divine Cecilia:

"He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down."

German music reflects the deep and solid character of the race. It is in the realms of song what the Gothic style is to architecture. It strives to raise men's thoughts to higher planes of existence. It has proved a corrective of the extravagant *cabaletta di bravura* and *aria*—the sensuous, florid and ballad-like music, the *frivolezza* of more sunny climes. While not neglecting musical organism, it gives a dramatic

or scenic character to musical composition—an essential canon of the heavenly art. As amateurs, we may think its dramatic vigor has run to extremes in the *music of the future* represented by the mighty genius of Wagner. In fact, ignorant connoisseurs, like your humble scribbler, would apply to Wagner the saying of Fichte in regard to his system of philosophy, namely, but two persons understood it, himself and one of his pupils, and even their metaphysical knowledge was very nebulous. In his early efforts such as "Lohengrin," "Tannhäuser" or the "Meistersinger," in which the great composer retains the principles of musical organism or melody, he will ever be the more acceptable and popular. Sandy would certainly apply to his later compositions the famous definition of Scotch metaphysics: "When ye dinna ken wha' ye say, and naeboddy else kens mair of your meaning than ye." According to the judgment of common mortals, Van Bülow was surely right when he asserted that a composer cannot possibly be musical enough. Melody is the soul of music; dramatic or scenic expression, its body; both combined form the most perfect lyric drama. Our German fellow-citizens, by their Gesangvereine and Saengerbund, are working the miracles attributed of old to the golden lyre of Orpheus. They draw after them not trees or rocks or beasts, but railway trains laden with thousands of men and women who leave home and business to listen to the dulcet strains of the master singers of the human race. They build up cities by the inflow of dollars which their musical conquests direct thither.

But this is not a tithe of the reasons which bring us into the debt of our Teutonic brethren. They are conferring on our nation far more substantial benefits than in aiding us to cultivate the fine arts. They form one of the grand factors of our American civilization and character. They are a corrective for the mercurial temper of the Celt, the coldness or selfishness of the Saxon, the perpetual motion, or all-work and no-play of the Yankee, the *post nummos virtus* of the *ol πολλοί*. They are honest, industrious, economical, good-natured. In their domestic relations they are, as a race, true to the indissolubility of the marriage tie. This is true even of non-Catholics, notwithstanding that the roaring, rotund, rubicund monk of the Reformation or Deformation, allowed the privilege of two wives to the Landgrave, Philip of Hessa, called the Magnanimous, and correctly so from a harem-scarem point of view. Marriage indissoluble is the golden bond of the family—the family is the well-spring of a nation's strength or weakness. The nation is but an aggregate of this unit. If it be well with the domestic circle it will be well with its multiple, as all history proves.

To Christians of German birth or descent, both Lutherans and Catholics, are we chiefly indebted for our denominational schools which can alone preserve the flame of Christianity from the icy

blasts of infidelity. They have been in word and deed the foremost opponents of the world-blighting French infidel theory of a godless or purely secular education. They are the champions of that educational system which gave us the founders of our Republic, and which the great Father of our Country himself emphatically endorsed in writing, that morality is the foundation of true liberty, and that morality needs religion as the basis of its existence.

While the young men and women of many other nationalities quit the country for the glamour of city life, the sturdy Teuton is always ready to pay a big price for farm lands. Cowper writes wisely:

"God made the country and man made the town.
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves."

The question of prohibition or total abstinence being left aside, there is no doubt the followers of Gambrinus have conferred a benefit on the nation by introducing the foaming beverage of "brown barley wine," which has gone far in supplanting the fiery, brain-robbing draughts of bold John Barleycorn. And in their love of open air and sunshine, of music and social gathering, the Germans have done much, and are doing more, to counteract among us the dreadful nerve-destroying tension and worry resulting from the struggle for existence, and the race for wealth. In the revolution of centuries, the Germans have preserved the sterling virtues attributed to them in the beginning of the Christian era by the Roman historian, Tacitus.

S.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Exchanges.

—The *Michigan Argonaut* is urging the formation of a boat club at Ann Arbor University.

—The juvenile *Dial*, though still in short trousers, is an exceedingly handsome and sturdy youngster.

—Henry Watterson, of the *Louisville Courier Journal*, lectured at DePauw University on the 16th of May.

—"Thor and Utgardaloki" is the title of an article in the *Manitou Messenger*. It is an interesting translation of an old sage.

—The latest *Brunonian* has an interesting history of the various undergraduate publications that have "risen, flourished and died,"—some of them—at Brown University.

—"Methuselah and Nellie Bly" is a light and airy bit in the *Hamilton College Monthly*, while "The Old Kentucky Home" is a graphic description of Kentucky under the old régime.

—The latest number of the *Annex* is unusually good. The greater part of the issue before us is devoted to contributions by alumni on educational topics. "The Value of a College Edu-

cation" is an interesting treatment of a hackneyed theme.

—In the current *North Carolina University Magazine* the "Grandfather's Tales of North Carolina History" are continued, and the latest instalment is fully as interesting as the preceding ones.

—Among our exchanges is *The Student's Journal* devoted to Graham's standard phonography. It is not only an excellent publication, but also has the distinction of being the oldest phonographic journal in America.

—The *Earlhamite* for May presents its usually excellent table of contents. Perhaps the best things are a well-written review of William Morris's "The House of Wolfings," and a poem of considerable merit entitled "Reverie."

—The students of the College of the Sacred Heart, Denver, recently produced a religious drama in the Tabor Grand Opera House of that city. The play was entitled "Elma," and, judging from the tone of the Denver press, was very creditably rendered.

—The daily papers announce that S. W. Naylor, of Washburn College, is the winner of the Inter-State Oratorical Contest. His subject was "The Puritan and the Cavalier." The SCHOLASTIC extends congratulations to Mr. Naylor, who, by the way, is the business manager of the *Washburn Argo*.

Personal.

—Rev. William Maher, D. D., of the Cathedral, Hartford, Conn., and Secretary and Chancellor of the diocese, was a welcome visitor to the College on Monday last. He called to see his cousin, the Rev. T. Maher, C. S. C.

—Among the welcome visitors during the week was the Rev. N. S. Mooney, '74, of the Cathedral, Chicago. He was warmly greeted by many old friends, all of whom hope that he will find time to repeat his visit to *Alma Mater*.

RESOLUTIONS OF THE STUDENTS OF NOTRE DAME ON THE DEATH OF ELLSWORTH C. HUGHES.

WHEREAS, It has pleased Divine Providence in His Infinite Wisdom to remove from among us one of our most beloved companions and one of the most promising students of the University, and

WHEREAS, We deeply deplore the loss of him whom we had learned to esteem for many amiable qualities as well as for his brilliant talents; Therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That we offer to his afflicted relatives and family our heartfelt sympathy; while we remind them that their loss and ours is the loved one's eternal gain, and be it further

RESOLVED, That a copy of these resolutions be printed in the SCHOLASTIC, and in the Denver daily papers and also that a copy be sent to the bereaved family.

ED. C. PRUDHOMME, }
H. P. BRELSFORD, }
J. L. HEPBURN, } Committee.
G. H. MEEHAN, }
W. P. MCPHEE, }

—Mr. Thomas Nester, of Detroit, died at Baraga, Mich., on the 12th inst. He was the father of John and Frank Nester, who were students of the University a few years ago. He had many friends at Notre Dame, all of whom extend their heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family and relatives. May he rest in peace!

—All at Notre Dame deeply sympathize with Mr. George E. Clarke, '84, of South Bend, in the great affliction that has befallen him through the death of his wife who departed this life on the 14th inst. The deceased was an estimable and gifted lady, universally beloved in our neighboring city, where the sad news of her demise caused widespread sorrow. May she rest in peace!

Local Items.

—Championship!

—A game is looked for on Tuesday.

—One week more for your essays, boys.

—The Juniors will run opposition, they say.

—The Junior Base-ball Banquet is next on the list.

—Will somebody be so kind as to grease the windmill?

—Tinsley has exactly 379 specimens including the original.

—The "Blues" wanted that game published in book form.

—The soil on the Juniors' campus is not productive of hay-seed.

—"Tips on Sprinting," by "Hal," will appear about May 24, it is said.

—It is said that the Philodemics have something special on hand for to-night.

—Bro. E. reports the leather trade exceedingly brisk, especially among the Juniors.

—Have you seen those multi-colored caps? They are rather odd, but exceedingly pretty.

—That "rec" was well deserved last Tuesday. "Fitz" and "J. B." did noble work for the cause.

—It is no longer safe to have chair cushions. The B. B. fiends convert them all into catching gloves.

—Frank is busy reading "The Athlete's Companion, or How to Train Scientifically." Look out, Ann Arbor!

—The Seminarians defeated the Apprentices on the 11th by 15 to 12. Batteries: Houlihan and Corbett, Hyland and Just.

—Lovers of the "exhilarating skive" have noticed, perhaps, that the "old stile" has gone out and the "new stile" has come in.

—The St. Cecilia Philomathean Association met in regular session Wednesday evening last; no special business was transacted.

—Those interested will do well to remember that the Junior base-ball banquet will take place on Thursday afternoon, May 29. Tickets may

be procured at the "Box office," or of any member of the association for fifty cents.

—When we gather in the beautiful church every Sunday, it is with joyful reverence we listen to the grand Masses and magnificent Vespers. It is indeed grand, good music, for it raises us above things earthly, and makes us better for having heard it.

—The lawn in front of the University is now, under the direction of Bro. Bonaventure, being put in fine condition. For years, the beauties of the lawn have been the industrious Brother's pride, and from present indications we should say that it will be nicer than ever this year.

—The Professor may be out of practice and all that, but he makes a very good umpire. When four men had been disabled and three others badly hurt, the two remaining players seemed to like his decisions wonderfully well. Here, as elsewhere, "first impressions" are everything.

—The "Invincibles" are startling the Junior base-ball world. They recently defeated the Minim 2d nine anti-special, after a hard-fought contest of three innings. They tackled the Junior 2d nine Wednesday afternoon, but met a woeful Waterloo. "Zeke's" catching and Joe's coaching attracted no little favorable notice.

—In a private letter recently received here Mr. Augustin Daly regrets that he cannot make his contemplated visit to Notre Dame this spring. This is a matter of regret, not only to the immediate friends of the distinguished dramatist, but as well to the whole student body, as Mr. Daly had in view a private production at the University of Prof. M. F. Egan's play "*Le Pater*" in honor of the author. Mr. Daly, however, promises to carry out his plan next year.

—Through the kindness of the prefects, the Juniors enjoyed quite a treat last Tuesday afternoon, after an unusually hot game of football. The refreshments were not passed around according to the latest rules of etiquette, but were nevertheless thoroughly enjoyed. The football game was participated in by every member of the department; Captains Hannin and Covert of the "South" and "North," respectively, urged their men on to victory; but after half an hour's hard play, the game was called with no goals won on either side. The Juniors enjoyed an extra hour's sleep Wednesday morning, for which they are very grateful.

—A meeting of the Columbian Society was held on Tuesday evening last. Humorous selections were read by Messrs. Benz, Lair and L. Sanford. The debate, "Resolved, That the sale of liquor should be prohibited in Indiana," was opened on the affirmative side by A. Ahlrichs. This was his first effort, and it was successful. He was argumentative, philosophical, and rhetorical, but lacked a little in delivery. Mr. Allan opened on the negative. He kept

to the point, and quoted statistics. J. Rebillot followed on the affirmative with a speech worthy of the occasion, and his appropriate remarks evoked applause. The chair, after making some happy allusions on the arguments, decided in favor of the negative.

—The regular meeting of the Philodemics was held Saturday, May 10, Mr. H. P. Brelsford in the chair. The programme for the evening was not very extensive, most of the time being taken up in preparation for the 17th. Mr. Berry rendered a declamation, after which a debate—"Resolved, That a classical education is more beneficial than a scientific"—was participated in by Messrs. J. Doherty and J. Delany on the affirmative; while Messrs. W. O'Brien and N. Sinnott supported the negative. The decision was rendered in favor of the latter. Following the debate, the Rev. Director addressed a few remarks to the society, congratulating it upon its work during the scholastic year, and hoping that the exercises of May 17 would surpass all expectations.

—In a recent hunting excursion in the wild woods near St. Joseph's Farm, a little incident happened which will, perhaps, bear description. It seems that two of the party, who are prominent in military and football circles, had chosen a particular spot in which they intended to hunt (?). It was a beautiful location, and after having discharged several dozen cartridges, riddled a large oak tree, and otherwise amused themselves; they were suddenly surprised by a drove of oxen which seemed to have a prior right to the property. The bovines held a hurried council of war and charged upon the surprised hunters. The gentlemen had no more cartridges, but made a valiant defense. One of them aimed his gun at the intruders, and in a stern voice ordered them to halt. They refused to do so, however, and the football enthusiasts were forced to—but the reader can imagine the rest. It is of no particular interest, but it explains why "Frank" hates the sight of a cow, and "Ed" always changes the subject when "that hunt" is mentioned.

—We understand that there is to be a decided improvement in the way of adding new scenery and other accessories to the stage in Washington Hall; and that it is intended to have all in readiness for the admiration of the visitors at Commencement, when a grand production will be given. It has even been hinted that nature's mantle of green will be represented by appropriately colored carpeting. This is indeed most welcome information, and we look forward with pleasure to seeing the realization of a much-needed improvement. The academy avenue, the waterfall and bridge scene and others give evidence of what the skilful brush of Prof. Ackerman is capable of accomplishing in the line of scenic art; and on the new ones at which he is working he promises to outdo all of his former artistic efforts. We feel assured that at future

entertainments, while deep tragedies are being enacted before us, our imagination will not be subjected to such a severe strain as is involved in converting bare boards into green sward, or a modern street scene into the Roman forum. It detracts from the enjoyment. It is to be hoped that we have not been misinformed.

—In accordance with a time-honored custom, the Minims first nine recently played a game with a picked team from Sorin Hall. The game was interesting throughout, and before many innings had passed, the young ball-tossers had everything their own way. Girardin and Roberts, as a battery, played an excellent game, and Barbour and Hamilton handled the ball in great style, the latter being a wonder on short stop. For the Sorin Hall crowd, Larkin, by all odds, put up the most remarkable game; Garfias made a reputation by catching two or three flies; Brannick hit the ball hard and enjoyed many a little nap in the field; Barrett was quiet, but managed to make two or three errors; the only way to account for Sullivan's playing is to presume that he thought he was playing football; Blackman was the only player who sustained his reputation; Flynn stood on first base and admired his shape, having vowed before the game not to touch the ball under any consideration; Chute was the "catcher," but that is a misnomer, as Freddy did his best to let everything get by him. Late in the evening the vanquished ones departed, praising the Minims, and thanking Bro. Cajetan for the hospitable treatment they had received at his hands. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9
 MINIMS:—6 6 1 3 4 6 0 1 4=31
 SORIN Hall:—0 1 0 2 6 0 3 2 4=18
 Hits: Minims, 11; Sorin Hall, 5. Errors: Minims, 4; Sorin Hall, 12.

Roll of Honor.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Adelsperger, Ahlrichs, Allen, Bovett, Burns, H. Brannick, Barrett, Benz, Brelsford, Blackman, Cassin, Cassidy, G. Cooke, C. Cavanagh, L. Chute, F. Chute, T. Coady, P. Coady, J. Cavanagh, Dillon, Dacy, Dennis, Davis, Dyer, Jas. Dougherty, Daniels, F. Flynn, P. Fleming,* Fehr, J. Flynn, Garfias, Gibbons, Gough, Grothaus, Houlihan, Herman, Hummer, Hempler, Hoover, Hayes, Hepburn, Huber, Jewett, J. A. Johnson, Karasynski, J. King, Krembs, J. Kelly, Kunart, Kehoe, Lesner, Langan, Lancaster, A. Larkin, W. Larkin, Lane, Lynch, Lahey, F. Long, L. Long, Leonard, Latson, McKee, Mithen, McConlogue, Mackey, Morrison, Meehan, Murphy, J. Newman,* H. O'Neill, O'Shea, W. O'Neill, Powers, Phillips, Paradis, Pyplacz, Portilla, H. Prichard, F. Prichard, Paquette, Prudhomme, Paris, Quigley, Rebillot, Rose, Rothert, J. Sinnott, C. Sanford, Steiger, Scherrer, D. J. Sullivan, Seymour, Standard, O. Sullivan, Stanton, V. Vurpillat, F. Vurpillat, Wade, Wright, Youngerman, Zimmerman, Kern.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adler, Aarons, E. Bates, B. Bates, J. Brady, T. M. Brady, T. T. Brady, W. Brady, Bruel, Blumenthal, Bradley, Bos, Barger, Burke, Barclay, Burns, Crandall, Cudahy, Coll, J. Connors, Campbell, Collman, Collins, Cheney, Delany, Dempsey, Dorsey, Drumm, Elder, J. Fitzgerald, A. M. Funke, A. W. Funke, Gibert, Gerlach, Garrison, Girsch, Galen, Grund, Hambaugh, Hack, Hahn,

Hesse, R. Healy, Halthusen, Heller, Hoerr, Higgle, Jacobs, Kearney, Keough, Kehoe, Kutsche, J. Leonard, Lenard, Löwenstein, Lorie, Murphy, Maurus, Maher, D. Monarch, L. Monarch, Mitchell, Mier, A. McPhillips, Jas. McPhillips, Jos. McPhillips, F. McDonnell, F. McKee, McLeod, McIvers, F. Neef, A. Neef, O'Brien, O'Rourke, O'Mara, O'Neill, Palmer, Prichard, Quinlan, Quill, Roper, Rowsey, F. Schillo, C. Schillo, Scott, Seerey, Scherrer, Smith, Treff, Thorn, Tivnen, Welch, Weitzel, Ward, T. Whalen, E. Whalen, Wolff, Wertheimer, White, Young, Zinn.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adler, Ayres, Ball, O. Brown, F. Brown, Blake, Burns, Barbour, Bronning, Bixby, Cornell, Crandall, C. Connor, W. Connor, Covert, A. Crawford, Crane, Croke, Coon, Durand, Drant, Elkin, Ezekiel, W. Finnerty, T. Finnerty, Fischer, Frankel, Falvey, Fuller, W. Furthman, Funke, Flynn, Girardin, Greene, Gilbert, D. Gilkison, A. Gilkison, Grant, J. Griggs, C. Griggs, Girsch, Henneberry, Hill, Hoffman, Hamilton, Hendry, Holbrook, Jonquet, Krollman, Keeler, King, Kuehl, Kern, Klaner, Lonergan, Londoner, Lonnsberry, H. Lamberton, C. Lamberton, Levi, Loonie, Loomis, Maternes, Marr, Mattas, H. Mestling, E. Mestling, McGuire, McPhee, McPhillips, Marre, B. Morrison, W. Mosier, C. Nichols, D. Oatman, C. Paul, C. Packard, J. Packard, Roberts, Ryan, Stone, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Stephens, Swan, Thornton, Trujillo, Vorhang, Vandercook, Washburne, Wilcox, Wever, Wilson, Weber, Wolf, C. Zoehrlaut, G. Zoehrlaut, Zeigler.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

Class Honors.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Messrs. Paquette, Berry, Adelsperger, H. O'Neill, J. Fitzgibbon, B. Bachrach, Herman, Cassin, Paradis, J. King, Blessington, Sinnott, F. Vurpillat, J. Delany, A. Larkin, W. Larkin, O'Shea, W. O'Brien, Hummer, McWilliams, McPhee, Reynolds, Garfias, Hagerty, Hughes, Lane, McKeon, L. Chute, F. Chute, Brelsford, McKee, H. Jewett, Hackett, Fehr, Campbell, Morrison, F. Kelly, C. Cavanaugh, Barrett, Ahlrichs, F. Prichard, Roberts, L. Davis, H. Prichard, Burger, Hoover, J. Burns, Blackman, Rothert, Brannick, Long, T. Coady, P. Coady, E. Prudhomme, Meehan, Tivnen, Hepburn, A. Leonard, L. Scherrer, McConlogue, Hempler, Dougherty, Quinlan, F. Neef, Maurus, P. Murphy, J. Brady, J. Fitzgerald, Keough, Wile, Boyd, R. Healy, Weitzel, C. Scherrer, Hannin, Otis, Gough, C. Fitzgerald, Ibold.

List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.

Moral Philosophy—Messrs. W. Larkin, Adelsperger, Paradis, Hummer; *Logic*—Messrs. A. Larkin, Paquette, L. Scherrer; *Latin*—Messrs. W. Larkin, Just, Cavanagh, Sinnott, W. Houlihan, Crumley, Wile, Santen, Clark, Boyd, O'Shea; *Astronomy*—Messrs. Garfias, W. Larkin; *Mechanics*—A. Larkin; *Surveying*—Messrs. Adelsperger, J. Brady, P. Murphy; *Civil Engineering*—(Theory) Messrs. A. Larkin, Reynolds, (Execution) M. Reynolds; *Geometry*—S. Hummer; *Literary Criticism*—Messrs. J. Cavanagh, Paradis, Brelsford, C. Cavanagh; *English Literature*—Messrs. Wile, Regan, Fitzgibbons, Rothert, Crumley, Just, McKeon; *English History*—J. Clayton; *Modern History*—Messrs. Clayton, N. Sinnott; *Greek*—Messrs. Hennessy, J. Fitzgerald, Hempler, M. Lauth; *German*—Messrs. Weitzel, Bos, P. Coady, Maurus, Wolff, C. Zoehrlaut, Finnerty, F. Brown, J. Flynn, G. Zoehrlaut, Gerlach, Ibold; *French*—Messrs. F. Neef, Prudhomme, O'Rourke, Fitzgibbon, H. Bronson, P. Houlihan; *Geometry*—Messrs. Ahlrichs, D. Cartier, A. Flynn, Gough, T. Hennessy; *Algebra*—A. Ahlrichs; *Latin*—E. Hand; *English History*—Messrs. Ahlrichs, Fitzgibbon, Weitzel; *Modern History*—Messrs. Ahlrichs, Fitzgibbon, A. Flynn; *Ancient History*—Messrs. T. T. Brady, A. Flynn, Gallagher, Keough.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—The Second Senior Chemistry class lately held an interesting competition; the leaders were the Misses Crane and M. Davis.

—The book-keeping, shorthand and type-writing classes show a business-like application, which promises much for their success.

—"Prayer" was the subject of a practical and interesting sermon given on Sunday last by the Rev. Chaplain, Father Scherer, C. S. C.

—Now, that the weather permits open windows, the young ladies practising elocution will turn their attention to the aspirate quality of voice.

—Electrical experiments are engaging the attention of the Third Senior Philosophy class, some of whom declare they are having quite a "shocking" time.

—Deft fingers are busy in the fancy-work department, and beautiful work is in progress there as well as in the art Studio; doubtless there will be a fine exhibit in June.

—The many friends of Mrs. S. Papin Haydell were pleased to see her at St. Mary's last week, though her visit was a short one. Heartfelt good wishes are extended to her and her sister, who lately became Mrs. W. Walker.

—The Sunday evening distribution of good points was presided, as usual, by Very Rev. Father General, who is deeply interested in all that concerns the well-being of St. Mary's pupils. Miss Crane recited "The Witch of Vesuvius," after which the meeting adjourned.

—Last week's visitors were G. C. Noble, Denver, Col.; Miss M. L. Dailey, Walkerton, Ind.; Miss W. Purduk, Bronaugh, Mo.; Miss N. Johnson, Niles, Mich.; S. O'Brien, M. O'Brien, Mendon, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Holcomb, Elkhart, Ind.; M. Doolin, San Francisco; Mrs. J. R. Hanla, Topeka, Kas.; Mrs. H. Chapman, Toledo, Ohio; Rev. P. Stiltz, Mrs. P. Coady, Pana, Ill.; Mrs. A. Redden, Chicago, Ill.

—In a country where religious ceremonies are not carried out, except within the walls of a church, much of the solemnity and beauty of processions is lost. No such limitations existing at St. Mary's, the Litany of the Saints, prescribed to be sung on the Rogation Days, rang out on the clear morning air on the three days preceding Ascension Thursday, when the Children of Mary, the Community, Very Rev. Father General and Father Scherer moved in procession towards the shrine of Our Lady of Peace. The birds trilled their sweetest songs, and the air was redolent with the breath of the fruit blossoms, which covered the trees in such profusion that the orchards, just touched by the rising sun, seemed like fields of snowy clouds

flecked with soft rose tints. Each day the procession was followed by the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass at which all assisted, and, on the Feast of the Ascension, all approached the Holy Table, to receive the Bread of Life.

Elevation is Exposure.

When about to ascend the Rockies or Alps, tourists are cautioned to provide themselves with extra wraps; and though this injunction be complied with, when they arrive at the mountain-top, in many cases regret is experienced that a more ample provision was not made. Deceived by the balmy air, the bright blooms and, verdure of the valley, they thought not of the wintry blasts that now numb every nerve; and beautiful as is the panorama spread out before them, they feel that even the pleasure of viewing the landscape from such a height scarcely compensates for the difficulties of the ascent.

This climbing is a striking illustration of the manner in which eminence is attained in life. See by what sacrifices the aspiring man reaches the summit of his ambition! Suppose his aim is to scale political heights: as soon as his purpose becomes known, he is made a target at which envy directs its envenomed shafts, and clothed in an armor of steel must he indeed be who reaches the goal in safety. From ordinary observation, we know that it is next to impossible for candidates whose records cannot bear close inspection to obtain official preferment; and as the contest progresses, the unlucky aspirant for political honors well deserves sympathy. All his acts are canvassed by the press, a criticism accompanying each notice, and subjected almost to a microscopic scrutiny, they are often magnified into crimes. So it is that men of sensitive, refined natures, though well equipped for the race, shrink from the contest, preferring the obscurer walks of life; while those of less worth, but more daring, mount to the loftiest places. Yet the latter, though holding the coveted position, cannot even now flatter themselves that a long period of enjoyment is before them. Too true is it that ere men recover from the fatigue of scaling those Alpine heights, especially of the political world, winds of criticism, fierce and unceasing, assail them; or others, on reaching the top, crowd them off into the abyss below.

How many examples history furnishes of the truth of the words: "They who stand high have many blasts to shake them, and when they fall, they dash themselves to pieces." Even woman-

hood gives no protection to those who occupy lofty station, in view of the fact that Mary Stuart, twice a queen, was forced to lay her royal head upon the executioner's block; and we shudder at the thought that the lovely Marie Antoinette, on whose brow once rested the crown of France, was compelled to share the fate of Scotland's ill-starred queen. Who, of the many that followed to victory the banner of Joan of Arc, could foresee her tragic fall? As he dwells on the lessons of the past, the thoughtful person is forced to exclaim, elevation, whether in the literal or figurative sense, is indeed exposure!

The towering cedar may command our admiration; but by its very height, it courts the deadly thunderbolt, and as it lies prostrate, the simple wild flower blooms by its side. The traveller in the valley, with uplifted gaze, is spellbound by the magnificence of the mountain's glittering summit; but reaching the top, he finds that the tall, snow-crowned peaks prove to be barren spots, deep with snow and sleet where winds are ruder and rougher than people are long able to endure, and that the icy shield glitters only to those in the valley.

HELEN NACEY,
Second Senior Class.

Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment and observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Ansbach, Ahlrichs, Bates, Bogner, Bovett, Butler, Clarke, Cunningham, Coll, Crane, Crilly, Churchill, Cochrane, M. Davis, C. Dempsey, Dennison, S. Dempsey, D. Davis, Dorsey, Donahue, English, Flannery, Fosdick, Green, Gordon, Hammond, E. Healey, C. Hurley, Horner, K. Hurley, H. Hanson, Hutchinson, Hellmann, Hepburn, Kimmell, Koopmann, Lauth, McFarland, F. Moore, McCarthy, F. Marley, M. Moore, Norris, Nacey, Nester, O'Brien, Piper, Patier, Pitcher, Roberts, Rinehart, Rinn, Rentfrow, Reilly, Stapleton, Spurgeon, Schiltz, M. Schermerhorn, Thirds, Van Mourick, Violette, Wurzburg.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Burdick, E. Burns, Black, Clifford, Carlin, M. Davis, B. Davis, Evoy, Girsch, Hickey, C. Kasper, McGuire, Meskill, O'Mara, Patrick, Philion, E. Quealy, C. Ruger, Regan, Robbins, Shirey, M. Smyth, Sweeney, J. Smyth, E. Wagner, Waldron, M. Wagner, Wright, N. Wurzburg, Young.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses L. Adelsperger, Coady, A. E. Dennison, M. Egan, Finnerty, H. Girsch, M. Hamilton, L. McHugh, McCarthy, M. McHugh, Porteous, S. Smyth, N. Smyth.

CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

HONORABLY MENTIONED.

ADVANCED COURSE—Miss L. Curtis.

GRADUATING CLASS, 1ST COURSE—Miss E. Flannery.

UNDER-GRADUATING CLASS—Miss O. O'Brien.

2D CLASS—Misses D. Deutsch, M. McFarland.

2D DIV.—Misses M. Davis, C. Hurley, L. Nickel.

3D CLASS—Misses J. Currier, E. Healy, N. Morse, M. Piper, I. Stapleton, A. Tormey.

2D Div.—Misses L. Dolan, M. Jungblut, M. McPhee, E. Quealy.

4TH CLASS—Misses A. Ansbach, J. English, M. Hull, E. Nester, A. Regan.

2D Div.—Misses M. Bates, T. Balch, E. Dempsey, M. Fitzpatrick, A. Gordon, E. Hale, E. Lewis, M. McHugh, M. Otis, A. Penburthy, A. Ryan, M. Smyth, N. Wurzburg.

5TH CLASS—Misses D. Davis, G. Rentfrow, M. Reinhart, A. Thirds, L. Young.

2D Div.—Misses A. Adelsperger, R. Bero, E. Burns, M. Churchill, L. Dreyer, C. Ernest, M. Fosdick, M. Kelso, T. Kimmell, F. Marley, K. Ryan, G. Roberts, K. Sweeney.

6TH CLASS—Misses M. Coll, Mabel Davis, E. Davis, E. Dennison, H. Hanson, A. Hammond, S. Hamilton, M. Harmes, H. Hutchinson, E. Kasper, M. McCune, L. McHugh, A. O'Mara, M. Patier, H. Pugsley, J. Patrick, E. Regan, L. Reeves, D. Spurgeon.

2D Div.—Misses F. Ahlrichs, L. Bovett, M. Burns, F. Burdick, M. Byrnes, A. Cooper, I. Cooke, B. Davis, M. Donahue, I. De Montcourt, C. Daly, E. Evoy, M. Hagus, Holt, C. Haight, S. Levy, K. McCarthy, Margaret McHugh, Moore, K. Reilly, E. Schaefer, F. Soper, B. Wright.

7TH CLASS—Misses L. Black, R. Butler, M. Cochrane, M. Cooper, G. Green, A. Lynch, F. Murison, S. McPhee, N. McGuire, L. Norris, A. O'Brien, F. Palmer, E. Philion, M. Rinn, M. Rose, C. Ruger, A. Schrock, N. Schermerhorn, M. Wagner, E. Wagner, K. Wood.

2D Div.—Misses L. Ernest, E. Meskill, G. Shirey, N. Smyth, J. Smyth, I. Waldron.

8TH CLASS—Misses M. Culp, M. Hickey, L. Holmes, K. Hamilton, C. Kasper.

9TH CLASS—Misses G. Crandall, M. Hamilton, L. Mestling.

10TH CLASS—Misses M. Carlin, H. Eldred.

HARP.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Miss E. Nester.

5TH CLASS—Miss M. McPhee.

ORGAN.

4TH CLASS—Miss E. Healy.

7TH CLASS—Misses M. Maher, M. Schermerhorn.

VIOLIN.

Misses L. Reeves, A. Hanson.

GUITAR.

Misses Schiltz, M. Hughes, M. Clifford.

MANDOLIN.

Misses Mullaney, D. Deutsch, S. Smyth, A. Ansbach,

VOCAL DEPARTMENT.

1ST CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses B. Hellman, C. Dempsey.

2D CLASS—Misses N. Hale, I. Horner.

2D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses F. Marley, T. Balch, O. O'Brien, J. English.

3D CLASS—Misses L. Dolan, M. Fitzpatrick, M. Schiltz.

3D CLASS, 2D DIV.—Misses G. Rentfrow, M. Otis.

4TH CLASS—Misses M. Hughes, M. McFarland, C. Haight, H. Hutchinson, M. Schermerhorn, S. Dempsey, R. Van Mourick, I. De Montcourt, M. Davis, F. Soper, J. Holt, M. Rinehart, B. Pitcher, N. Lloyd.

5TH CLASS—Misses M. McPhee, S. Levy, M. Harmes, M. Burns, M. Smith, M. Cochrane, L. Nickel.

BOAST not thy service rendered to the King;
'Tis grace enough He lets thee service bring.

The sandal-tree, most sacred tree of all,
Perfumes the very axe which bids it fall.

Rejoice not when thine enemy doth die,
Thou hast not won immortal life thereby.

While in thy lips thy words thou dost confine,
Thou art their lord: once uttered, they are thine.

Boldly thy bread upon the waters throw;
And if the fishes do not, God will know.

What will not time and toil? by these a worm
Will into silk a mulberry leaf transform.

—Proverbs from the Turkish and Persian.